STRANGE FOLK AND QUEER THINGS

BY David Christie Murray

Author of "A Life's Atonement," "In Direst Peril," etc.

A GUARDIAN OF THE STRAND.

It is now neighboring on thirty years since the weekly newspaper which has revolutionized London journalism was started. I was not a member of its original staff, but I joined it in its second year. War and travel and the writing of many books took me away, and nearly a quarter of a century had gone by when my old chief wrote to me, asking me to undertake a special bit of work for him. The task implied a complete examination of that parish of London of which the Strand forms a part, and it was necessary that I should be shepherded through the inquiries I had to make by some old and experienced hand. All official preliminaries were arranged for me, and I was instructed that at a certain day and hour I should find my man awaiting me at Bow street.

The Strand had been a haunt of mine for many years, and I have a visual knowledge of many of its frequenters. I recognize now the forms and faces of hundreds of people who go up and down that great thoroughfare at certain hours, though I have no knowledge of their names and occupations. I have seen some of them grow up from comparative youth to middle years, and others growing down from stalwart manhood to gray hairs, and the approach of the decrepitude of age. I had known one figure, very casually observed, for a long time—I should be afraid to say quite how long. It was that of a well-fleshed, clear-eyed, bucolic-looking man, who seemed to have a perennial interest in the shop windows. If I thought of him at all I thought of him as a country-bred man who had somehow come into a little handful of money, and had a good deal of leisure on his hands. But when I presented myself at the Bow-street office at the appointed hour it turned out that this was the gentleman appointed to pilot me through my enterprise. How I had failed to associate him with his proper business I do not know. Many of his colleagues were known to me, and I had been engaged in adventures of interest with some of them, but it had never occurred to me to associate the man from the country with the police force, and I was faintly surprised to meet him. I was standing amongst half a dozen people who had business there, but he came straight to me and saluted me by name. He introduced himself to me, we shook hands, and went about our business. On our way Strandwards I told him that I had long known him by sight, but that I had never identified him with his business. "You know me?" I added. Why, yes, he answered, he knew me. It was his particular concern to know everybody who went up and down the Strand. His beat extended from the Griffin, at the site of old Temple Bar, to Trafalgar square, and he had paced that ground thousands and thousands of times at every hour of the twenty-four. At the Gaiety bar we fortified ourselves with a whisky and soda and a cigar and fell into camaraderie. I began to get an insight into the general nature of my companion's occupation, and quite incidentally I became aware of his possession of a special faculty.

I should be doing him the poorest justice if I allowed it to be imagined that he boasted of this faculty. In all the things he told me about himself in the course of our three days' companionship he talked simply as any workman might talk of his trade to any one who cared to know how and why things were done in it. I could see, he told me, that what a man in his line of business was there for was to be notice-taking. That was a thing which came by practice. You got into the habit of it, and there you were. Suppose, now, you had nothing else to do year in and out but just to spot the people going up and down a strip of London street. It might be a bit confusing at the very first, but in a while you'd begin to sort 'em out. Very soon you'd know the regulars by sight. You'd get to know where they dropped in for lunch, or dinner, or a drink. You'd get to know which men stopped to shake hands with each other, how people formed themselves into groups, as you might say. Naturally it might take a bit of time to do it, but as you got used to the job you'd begin to know men's businesses and names. In a street like the Strand, now, there were heaps of people who were living on the cross in various ways. In the course of time you'd pick 'em out, and in a general sort of way you'd know what every one of 'em was up to, and you'd spot his associates. The essence of the game, of course, was to be notice-taking. You had to keep yourself as dark and quiet as you could, but even then you'd be known to hundreds in the course of time. That couldn't be helped, of course, and it didn't make a great deal of difference in the end because if you saw anything that gave you an idea that a person ought to be shadowed you could pass a stranger on to him. But living that notice-taking sort of a life and making a trade of it for a good many years you picked up one habit to an extent you'd hardly believe. You got into a knack of remembering faces. Now, would you fancy that among all the faces that go along the Strand you'd be able to spot one you'd only seen once before, and that a matter of five years ago? Well, you did actually get it down as fine as that. A Londoner, what you call a Cockney, couldn't tell one sheep in a flock from another. But you ask a shepherd. Habit's everything.

If you came to persons you had taken a real interest in, why, of course, it was very simple. Only yesterday there was a party in a victoria. He was stopped by the traffic for a quarter of a minute just opposite the Lowther Arcade. Togged up to the nines. Might have been a member of Parliament by the look of him. Got him seven years six years ago. Saved a bit of his time at Wormwood Scrubs by good conduct, and out again. And, bless my heart, he'd find a spoke in his wheel in less than no time.

In the course of our three days' traffic my cicerone and I must have passed nearly every policeman who did duty in that region, but it was a noticeable thing that not one of them gave the remotest hint of a knowledge of my companion. There was not one of them who would not have obeyed his order, but there was not one of them who did not pass him like a stranger. Had he not been authenticated to me for what he was I might have doubted him. No citizen of London was less noted, though not one could have been better known. The blue-coated, helmeted men who paraded the streets as the recognized guardians of law and order never gave their anonymous superior away by so much or so little as a lift of an eyelid. In this particular phase of this particular profession it is in a strict accordance with etiquette to cut a man dead by way of showing your respect for him.

I wonder what proportion of the citizens of our great towns are aware of the system of honest and necessary espionage which is carried on by the police. It was whilst I was engaged on this Strand enterprise of mine with the man from Bow street that I became aware of certain little precautionary methods which are adopted by the police against the devices of the professional housebreaker. In the small hours we came upon an officer in a by-street who was flashing his dark lantern upon every door and every shuttered window with what seemed to me an almost needless scrutiny. But my guide, the officer, and I getting into conversation together, I made acquaintance with a fact of much interest, which revealed an unsuspected ingenuity and caution. Very small fragments of all sorts of the infinitesimal debris of the streets—bits of wooden matches, inch-long fractions of straw, atoms of split quill toothpicks—had been thrust into the interstices of doors and shutters on a former round, and on his succeeding rounds the careful watcher was picking up all these signals as he walked. They would have been invisible to any felonious disturber, but their absence would have told a tale to the man who had placed them there. The small trap does tell its tale in hundreds of cases in a year. A door or a shutter has been tampered with—almost necessarily in the dark—and there follows suspicion and, if necessary, a stealthy gathering of the forces, and then the surrounding of a block of buildings and a capture. It does no harm at all to instruct the professional housebreaker as to this device, for of the many fragments of desiccated street rubbish he may find in any cranny of an entrance he cannot tell which one will be looked for by the man who placed it there, and the one which is apparently the least significant of them all may be that which the absence of will inevitably betray him.

The man from Bow street and I were not fated to bring our brief association to a close without a touch of comedy-drama. My three days' investigation had revealed the fact that I had been set going on insufficient knowledge, and that the journalistic sensation in search of which I had set out was altogether illusory. My guide was conveying me to Bow-street Station to make his final report, and we were ready to say good-bye. We were walking towards the Lyceum Theater, which was at that moment dismissing a matinee audience. As yet we were in the mere fringe of it, when my companion touched me lightly—it might have been by accident—oh the elbow. But the touch had the effect of drawing my attention to three gentlemen who came arm in arm (or, at least, in a friendly contact which had that look) along the pavement. The two outer men were frock-coated and silk-hatted and eminently respectable. The middle man was a parson, with a flat-rimmed felt hat with a cord around it and an M. B. waistcoat. The three were laughing together, and the cleric seemed to lead the talk. They went by, and in another instant we were in the thick of the crowd.

"I know that chap," my guide said, guardedly, a minute later. I asked which chap. "That parson. I don't pretend, mind you, to have actually spotted him, but I know him. You take my word for it, I know him. He's changed, but he isn't changed quite enough for me. Mr. Irving" (the great actor was not Sir Henry then) "is playing 'Macbeth,' and that's the third time I've seen that chap turn out of the theater. Takes an uncommon interest in Shakspeare, don't you think?"

I really did not see on the spur of the moment what I ought to think, and I kept a descreet silence, but whilst we were arranging a little business matter essential to a friendly severance there came a commissionaire from Lyceum Theater with a message from Mr. Bram Stoker. There had been complaints at the box office. The stalls and foyer and vestibule were frequented within the last few days by a very able pickpocket, or gang of pickpockets, and would Bow street be so good as to send down an experienced man to keep an eye on things in general.

"Lordy, lordy, lordy!" said my guide. "To think I should have had a moment's doubt. To be sure, it's ten years since, but bless my soul alive I ought to have known him anywhere." I hope I may give no offense to a fine artist in more ways than one when I say that the parson to whom my friend's suspicions instantly leaped had a very striking resemblance to Mr. Forbes Robertson. That means, of course, that he had a face of the ascetic intellectual cast. It turned out afterwards that he had been an ascetic—for nine years—at Portland, and he was undoubtedly a man of brains. Naturally I kept track of the business until it finished, and a week later I saw the parson in the dock. But in the interim I met that old lynx-eyed guardian of the Strand, who told me with a professionally restrained enjoyment how he had nailed his man. He had, of course, been allowed his own discretion as to how far he should take the run of the house, and he had confined himself to the upper circle and to one box, from which he was able to take observations of the stalls. Complaints continued to be made at the box office, but the watcher was in no such hurry that he was disposed to spoil a case. He watched three days before he was entirely certain, and then he strolled down into the vestibule and awaited the outcoming of the crowd. The parson came with the rest, closing the case of his opera glasses as he walked, and smiling like a man well pleased.

I tapped him on the shoulder and he turned. He knew me in a second. Perhaps I'd changed less than he had. Of course, it's always business to avoid a row, and I says, quite respectfully, "I'd like a word if you could spare the time, sir." Well, of course, he could spare time, and plenty of it. "Oh," he says, quite cheerful and chippy, "that you, Partridge?" he says. "Why, certainly." We walked up the street together, and says he: "It's like my bally luck," he says. "I wouldn't have minded so much if it had been yesterday, when I'd only two nicked white uns, but to-day, with five canaries and a sparkler, why," says he, "it's sickening, ain't it?" "Why, yes," I says. "That's the difference between what you may call the professional and the extra-professional points of view."

Next week: "Raby, K. C."

"A PLUMB PET."

A Case Showing the Effect of Kind Treatment on a Horse.

On an Indiana farm where the men and boys are habitually harsh and unsympathetic in their treatment of the cattle in their charge, a kind-hearted woman won a decided victory by gentle methods. A recently purchased horse became a bone of contention because of his refractory habits. He was settled in those habits, being fourteen years old, and therefore difficult to conquer. He had been a livery stable horse and had been vilely treated for many years by hostlers. Being naturally a high-spirited animal and having been subjected to cruel abuse he had acquired the habit of retaliation. Each time a hand was raised before his face he flattened his ears in an ugly manner, showed his teeth so that he looked like a fiend incarnate and jumped on all four feet. Any sudden movement near his head caused him to start in this way. He could not endure to be touched or petted, and each time the crupper was put under his tail he squealed as if in pain and kicked out viciously. This habit became so annoying that the crupper was removed from the harness. The first time a man on the farm attempted to curry him he seemed half mad with fear, and actually sat down on his haunches and pulled at the halter with all his strength. Altogether, he did so many ill-tempered things immediately after being purchased that he became an object of fear and dislike to all on the farm who were of male persuasion. The consensus of opinion among them was that the horse should have a good beating, and he rarely escaped their handling with a curry-comb wound.

But the poor creature belonged to the farmer's wife, and she, while put into many a quandary by his unexpected behavior, still felt great kindness for him. Just as she would have done with regard to a human being, she took the animal's past life and unhappy environment into account in judging him. He had always had a hard life, she argued, and knew not how to expect kind treatment, and she determined to render the remainder of this one horse's existence peaceful if she could.

She first tried to make him comfortable. She fed him at regular intervals and took entire charge of him at all times. Yet she was often very much afraid of him. She encouraged the advice of people whose horses were well-cared for and appeared contented. A young woman said, "Treat your horse like a human being and you will never have any trouble." An old woman urged her to sweeten his temper at times with lump sugar, so the farmer's wife gave him two lumps every time he was harnessed for a trip to town.

There was this much in his favor—he went at a good pace, was willing, obedient and perfectly reliable in harness. He was very decided in his likes and dislikes, and, not liking the strange water at the farm, would only drink when he went to town. Whenever he passed a group of small boys playing in the streets he showed that he had unpleasant recollections of their kind by making a wide swerve and trotting at the top of his speed.

The first time the farmer's wife curried him he was afraid and so was she. He seemed to have an exceedingly tender hide, but with her he only manifested his evident uneasiness in a subdued fashion. By slow degrees he became accustomed to her, and in eighteen months she had won him completely by her unswerving gentleness and kind treatment. While his intense dislike towards men and boys seemed quite undiminished, for her he would return from grazing and enter his stall without being haltered—a reluctant docility that seemed marvelous in the light of his former attitude. Nor was it necessary to tie him while he was being curried; he stood quietly obedient at her bidding. He had conquered his distate for the farm water by that time, too, and when he found none ready for him came and knocked four times with his hoof on the back-porch floor.

He had, indeed, become a "plumb pet," as the old horse dealer had assured the farmer's wife he would be, but all his old fire and bad temper were only smothered in the presence of femininity. He had only scowls for the men and boys who would have applied the whip to him. The victory was due merely to kindness and gentleness, not to a subdued spirit.

QUAINT OLD VOLUME.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

after which he should wash it with a decoction of boxwood." To get rid of headache he prescribes "keeping tender hemlock leaves in the shoes of the patient, next the soles of the feet." The best way to cure hoarseness, he declares, is to "dry nettle-roots in an oven, powder them finely, mix with an equal quantity of treacle and take a teaspoonful of the stuff twice a day." If one is so unfortunate as to get the itch he should "steep a shirt half an hour in a quart of water mixed with half an ounce of powdered brimstone, dry it slow and wear it four or five days." As a sure cure of melancholia the physician gives the following receipt: "Boil the juice of ground ivy with sweet oil and white wine into an ointment. Shave the head and anoint it therewith, and rub it in warm every other day for three weeks. Bruise also the leaves of the ivy and bind them on the head, and give three spoonsfuls of the juice warm every morning."

REMEDIES FOR CONSUMPTION.

Two pages of remedies for the cure of consumption are given, and two of the principal ones, which will doubtless prove interesting to everybody, and especially to physicians, are well worth reproducing here word for word. One of them reads as follows: "Turn a pint of skimmed milk with a half a pint of small beer. Boil in this whey about twenty ivy leaves and two or three sprigs of hyssop. Drink half over night, the rest in the morning, for two months daily, or until cured." And this is the other one: "Take a cow heel from the tripe house, two quarts of new milk, two ounces of hartshorn shavings, five ounces of isinglass, a quarter of a pound of sugar candy and a race of ginger. Put all these in a pot and set them in an oven after the bread is drawn. Let it continue there until the oven is near cold, and compel the patient to live on this diet until he is well and strong once more." And a little foot note backs up this receipt with the declaration that "Mr. Masters, of Evesham, having faithfully carried out this plan of cure, had entirely recovered from the dreadful malady."

So Strong Is Love.

Stood love with eager eyes,
Bearing in one hand frankincense for her,
His spotless saint, in one hand bitter myrrh,
And watched the anguish in her young face rise.

Rise and dissolve. Not loth
She clasped at last the bitter and the sweet,
—So strong is Love—and patiently made meet
In her soul's sacristy a place for both.

—Mary Applewhite Bacon, in Lippincott's.

BEST WAY TO TELL.

Friend—It is estimated that at least 500 counterfeits of the old masters are in the United States. It is so hard to tell a counterfeit from the original?

Artist—Oh! no. If it is artistic and pleasing to the eye, you may know it's a counterfeit.

NEW HONEY IS ON SALE

BUT FEW SUCCESSFUL APIARISTS NEAR INDIANAPOLIS.

Walter S. Pouder, an Expert Bee Man, Talks of the Business—Bees Must Have Great Care.

Placards displayed on many of the stalls in the market during last week gave forth the information that "new comb honey is now for sale." The honey season is "on" once more, and it will be good news to those that are fond of the sweet products of the busy bees to learn that this year's white clover honey crop promises to be better than that of last season, which was generally unsuccessful throughout the mid-Western States. To get a good yield of comb honey requires more skill and brains on the part of the beekeepers than most people imagine, especially here in Indiana, where the working season of the bees lasts only about six weeks, and sometimes less than that.

There are only a few successful apiarists in and about Indianapolis, although those that are well versed in matters pertaining to the industry declare that thousands of pounds of honey are going to waste every year hereabouts because of the fact that there are not enough people engaged in bee culture. Walter S. Pouder, the best known of Indianapolis bee men, who has made a study of bees and their ways for over fourteen years, says that the trouble with most persons that have failed in their attempts to become successful apiarists is their slipshod methods of conducting their enterprises. One cannot hope to attain success with bees unless he makes a scientific study of the little winged laborers and discards the many foolish superstitions that have for so many years been associated with the honey gatherers. To this day you will often run across an Indiana farmer and all the members of his household beating on tin pans and howling like Indians in order to "keep the bees from swarming," or even going so far in their superstitions as to "break the sad news to the bees" in the event of a death in the family, thoroughly convinced that if the insects are left to find out about the demise for themselves they will rush away in anger from the farm.

A SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

"It is really only within the last twenty years that beekeepers have been making a scientific study of their work," said Mr. Pouder, in discussing his favorite subject the other day. "It is surprising to find how many ignorant customs relating to bees have come down through the ages and how many curious beliefs have existed for centuries, and still exist among those that possess no scientific knowledge of the honey gatherers. Some of the superstitions are harmless enough, goodness knows, while others are downright impediments to the progress of the industry. There is a widespread superstition throughout the United States that it is unlucky to buy the bees of a dead man, while in some parts of the country it is considered necessary to move the hives upon the death of their owner, either to change their location or to turn them around. Some people believe that if a hive of bees leave their home without good cause the death of their owner within a short time is a foregone conclusion. Then there is a popular superstition that bees must not be bought with money, but must be exchanged for some product of nature. Among the peasantry of many European countries there are numerous appeals, or prayers, the same in form as those of the middle ages, still in use, imploring the swarming bees not to fly away, or, if they have flown, to come back again and supply the usual stores of wax and honey.

"About this time every year, when comb honey is placed upon the market you hear ridiculous complaints from some quarters that the bee-keepers have been adulterating their products. Any one that knows anything at all about bees will at once see the utter absurdity of complaints of this kind. There is no such thing as adulterated comb honep; comb honey cannot possibly be adulterated, and the buyers in the markets need have no fear that they are being cheated. The bees alone are the only creatures in God's world that have the ingenuity to manufacture the delicate little wax pockets wherein their nectar is deposited. Bee-keepers have often tried to find a substitute for the wax—not for the purposes of adulteration, but in order to hasten the completion of the bee's labor—but the artificial products have never proved successful, the paraffine and other materials used lacking the necessary consistency and power to resist heat, and breaking down in the hive, even when the bees could be induced to use them. The bee consumes vast quantities of honey at certain seasons, but instead of growing fat upon the food it gives forth wax. Wax is a very costly product, the bees using from ten to fifteen pounds of honey to produce one pound of it.

MUST NOT BE NEGLECTED.

"Bees must not be neglected for a moment during what we apiarists call a 'flow of honey,' especially if they are being managed for comb honey. It often happens that they will fill all available space in the hive within a very few days, and then if more room is not given them promptly swarming is certain to result. One has to be sure that there is work for the comb builders. If the hive is full of 'uncapped' honey do not make the mistake of capping it for them, under the impression that they have all the work they can manage. They will not cap it until it has been evaporated to a consistensy which they understand to perfection. To get the bees to begin work in the surplus crates is at times more difficult than one would suppose. More than once I have had them rush out and swarm after I had arranged the crates in a way that I thought would prove a tempting storeroom for the busy creatures. I have seen them occupy the crate for several days in an idle, shiftless sort of manner, and then suddenly swarm. But if you have some sections of crate with some old left-over comb built in it you will have no trouble at all, for they will readily begin work on the ready-built comb—so long as it's the real thing—no matter how old and dusty it may be. I have even been obliged at times to cut out a piece of comb containing brood and fix it in one of the sections as an inducement for them to begin work. And then, after I had one hive well under way, I would remove two or three sections from it and place them under a new hive, and in this way soon have the entire apiary under control.

"One thing of great interest about bees that is not generally known is their remarkable sense of locality and their ability to distinguish the difference between colors. I know of one apiarist that has a long row of hives which he keeps in one large house. There are little entrances, each about two inches square, along one of the outer walls of the house which connect with the various hives within. Each of these entrances has a border of paint of different color which enables the many residents of the bee village to enter their respective front doors without getting into trouble with their neighbors in adjoining cottages.

NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE.

"The bees that live in the white-bordered doorway have never been known to mistake the gray-bordered entrance for their own home. And no matter how far away from their family they may wander the smart little insects always know the proper route back home, and they never lose time by traveling in a roundabout way, but take the shortest and most direct course every time.

"There is no reason why the culture of bees should not be entirely successful here in Indiana. Of course, the success of such an enterprise depends upon the bee-keeper, not the bees, for there are no lazy bees. In locating an apiary it is well to remember that hives should never be placed up against buildings or old fences, as one needs plenty of room around a hive while working with the insects. They should never be placed where horses or cattle constantly pass; for at times, when honey is scarce, the odor of the animals will provoke an attack, and if the bees are permitted in the same inclosure the stock will be in danger of their lives. No grass or weeds should be allowed to grow within two feet of the entrance to a hive, as much time is lost by the bees falling in the grass. They become chilled by rain or dew in cool weather or fall victims to toads or spiders, and the returning queens are thus liable to be lost."

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

A crimp in a piece of paper!

It is a very small thing to contemplate, yet there is a great industry based on it, and Indiana has one of the three or four large factories whose life and prosperity depend on the corrugations put in pieces of strawboard. The other day, in Anderson, I was taken through the great plant of the J. W. Septon Manufacturing Company by Mr. J. T. Ferris, the resident manager, who also is the designer and patentee of the special machinery which makes the corrugated paper and then turns it into boxes, cartons for single bottles, racks for dozens of bottles and all the other things for which, in no more than half a decade, so great a demand has arisen. The great machines take two strips of perfectly smooth strawboard. One of them passes over a pair of fluted rolls that put in the "crimp." The other passes over a steel knife that distributes, thinly and smoothly, a layer of paste. The two sheets then are pressed together and come out in what is known as single-faced boxing. Double-faced boxing is made the same way, except that two sheets are pasted instead of one, and the corrugated paper lies between the two, both faces being smooth. Other machines take these sheets and cut them into curious shapes; deft-fingered girls bend them into their respective forms and apply the outer covering of thin paper, and as they work great piles of cartons and boxes spread themselves over the floors, to be later boxed and shipped to all parts of the world. In the plain cardboard or strawboard department, millions of boxes are made every year, ranging from the tiniest pill and tablet boxes to milliners' hat boxes and those long and deep receptacles dear to the heart of the society damsel with a fondness for American Beauties with stems four feet long.

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In the wood-working department there are remorseless machines that take eighteen-inch sections of logs fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter and with a single keen-bladed knife cut off a single shaving a sixteenth of an inch thick, that starts at the outer circumference and finishes at the heart. Sometimes it is a hundred or more feet long. Yet other machines take these strips and cut them into curious shapes, out of which girls with their hands swathed in cotton bandages construct racks to hold from a dozen to two dozen bottles. When these are finished they are sent away to the drying room, and when they are dried no one section of the rack can be destroyed or taken apart without breaking the inclosing strips of wood.

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The plant covers several acres of ground, but it is not the largest of the three or four there are in this country. It was founded twelve years ago and for six years its chief output was butter dishes. Locally it is known as "the butter dish." Six years ago it began the manufacture and utilization of corrugated paper. Addition after addition has been made to the plant, and another great building will be erected within another year. More than 250 persons, mostly girls who earn from $9 to $12 weekly, are employed, and the output is in excess of six carloads daily, which are distributed to all parts of the world. During the past year $7,500 was expended on a heating plant and $3,000 on a fire apparatus, which is expected to pay for itself in savings in insurance premiums in about three years. As nearly all the machinery is specially built from designs by Mr. Ferris the company has its own machine shop, with a considerable force of competent and high-priced workmen. Most of the stock is held in Chicago, but Governor Durbin—"Taylor Durbin" they call him there—owns a large block and is vice president of the company.

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Everywhere in Eastern Indiana I saw the finest corn I have ever seen. Farmers and grain buyers tell me that such a corn crop was never known. This is especially true in Rush county. One Democrat gravely assured me that on the strength of it his party would carry the county this fall, because it "makes too much prosperity." But there was a twinkle in his eye that belied his words. Few Democrats in the counties I visited have any hope of making material gains. A few are hopeful that the irregularities discovered in the Rush county books can be turned to account, but most of them concede that they will be mere irregularities and not intentional or criminal discrepancies. Marion county is regarded as hopeless, so far as the Democracy is concerned, and most of them, after expressing this belief, conclude with a brief and fervent objurgation to ex-Mayor Taggart. The Bryan element is strong. Several Democrats of prominence, locally, in different vicinities, assured me that Bryan was the greatest man in the country to-day. "Of course we stand by the State platform, but ——"

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"If Roosevelt goes on as he is," said one Rush county Democratic committeeman, "keeps up his work against the trusts and doesn't make any breaks, all hell can't stop him in 1904."

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Rush county has a magnificent courthouse and a model jail. Sheriff Bainbridge took me through the jail on Sunday. In my newspaper experience I have visited probably forty to fifty jails, half a dozen or more of penitentiaries and numerous asylums, homes and other public institutions of that nature. The Rush county jail is the first of them all in which that peculiar, indefinable odor, half disinfectant, half unsanitary, was not noticeable. The air was as fresh and sweet as in any parlor in Indianapolis.

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I saw Rolla Clingman, slayer of Stewart Miller. He is a not unpleasant appearing fellow, somewhere from forty to forty-five years apparently, unlettered and evidently too ignorant to appreciate the seriousness of his position. His head is of the precise shape that I have noticed in every murderer with whom I have come in contact—narrow and elongated, with deep-set eyes, close together. As no murderer has been hanged in Rush county, and as several trials for cold-blooded, deliberate murder have resulted in verdicts of acquittal, there is no expectation that he will receive more than a sentence for manslaughter, under the indeterminate punishment law. The family connection is very large, wealthy and prominent, and the lines for and against the prisoner already are closely drawn. Representative Watson is one of his counsel.

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There have been six murders in Rush county in less than four years, prior to this case. Two were deliberate, but the murderers were acquitted. Two were not so deliberate, and two-year sentences were imposed. The other two were the Falmouth case, last spring, in which two men killed each other and thus saved the county a big bill of costs. Under the circumstances, the outlook for an exact maintenance of the balance of justice in this case is not particularly bright.

THE GOSSIP.

Queer Tales By Fly Fishermen

M. D. Butler's Eagle Story. Imitation Flies taken by Birds, Snakes, Turtles and Frogs . . .

"Fly-fishermen sometimes have queer experiences," said Mahlon D. Butler, local manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company. "Fish are not the only things that strike at imitation flies. I have heard of birds, frogs, turtles and water snakes being caught by fly-casters, and I once hooked a bunch of feathers from the American bird of freedom.

"Was it on the Fourth of July, and did the eagle scream?" asked a brother fly-fisherman.

"Neither," said Mr. Butler, with a withering expression, as he turned towards the 'Doubting Thomas.' "I was fishing in the Tippecanoe river, below Monticello. I was not celebrating. Bass were not rising freely and I had grown tired of casting without getting a strike. Across the river on a rock there was an eagle that had not moved for half an hour. I had been wondering when it would fly, but it didn't seem to mind me or others of the party. Finally I determined to have some fun with the big bird. Horace Comstock was near by and I suggested to him that we might amuse ourselves by casting at his feathered majesty. He rowed me to within one hundred feet of the rock on which the eagle was standing and I made several casts without disturbing it. Although the fly dropped within a few feet of it, the eagle didn't seem to care, but when the boat approached the shore, the big bird arose slowly, spreading out its great wings majestically and began to leisurely fly away. Then I made another cast. There was a slight jerk on the line as the 'stretcher' (the fly at the end of the leader) reached the eagle. A bunch of feathers fell lazily to the ground, but the big bird sailed on, not turning its head to see what had pricked its plumage. As I reeled up my line I speculated on what might have happened had the hook concealed in the fly caught in the tough skin of the eagle, instead of scraping off the feathers. My line and rod were strong enough to stand the strain of a six-pound bass and the leverage which the water gives a fighting fish, but I am too rusty in mathematics to figure out what the strain would be on a silk line and an eight-ounce cedar rod if the king of birds, with its immense spread of wings, were attached."

HOOKED A "BULLBAT."

"Your story reminds me," said Mr. Rocus, "of an incident that happened at Broad Ripple some years ago. John T. Brush, myself and others were casting for bass with varied success. About dusk 'bullbats' (the common name given to the goat sucker or gnat hawk) began to sweep through the air in search of insects. They were plenty that evening and seemingly very hungry. Some one in the party—I think it was Mr. Brush—made a cast, and before the fly reached the water the line started to run off the reel as if it were fastened to a three-year-old bass. Mr. Brush checked the speed with his thumb, and something fell into the water.

"'Well, what do you think of that?' the surprised fisherman exclaimed, as his line became taut.

"'Hooked a bass in midair?' asked the funny man of the party.

"'No,' replied Mr. Brush, as he reeled in. 'Struck a bird that mistook my imitation white miller for the real thing.'

"Sure enough he had caught a bird. Its wings beat the water as it was drawn towards the boat, but it could not rise and was safely landed without the use of a net. Examination showed that it was a 'bullbat' and had been caught in the mouth, whether accidentally or while trying to gulp down the fly could not be determined."

"I had a similar experience while casting for trout in Canada a few years ago," said Mr. Fontinalis. "Swallows were numerous, and my fly struck one on the back. Before I could check the reel the swallow had flown away with about fifty feet of line. It was a lively, strenuous little bird, but the hook was fast in its skin and the weight of the line caused it to fall into the water. Then I pulled the bird ashore and released it, but it was so badly frightened and lacerated it died in a few minutes."

CAUGHT A SNAKE.

"I never hooked a bird," said Mr. Thymallus, "but I once had a lively tussle with a water moccasin that was three feet and a half long. I was fishing in the upper Tippecanoe river, in Kosciusko county. I made a long cast towards a patch of lily-pads, where I thought a bass might be lurking. There was a commotion in the water a moment after the fly struck it, and I reeled in rapidly, knowing that if I had hooked a bass it was policy to get the fish away from the lily-pads into clear water as quick as possible. You can imagine my surprise when I saw a snake coming towards me as if it meant business. I realized there had been a mistake somewhere, but there was no time to explain to his snakeship. I didn't want the reptile, but it seemingly desired my acquaintance.

"'Jack,' said I to my companion, hurriedly, 'take an oar and hit the thing before it reaches the boat.'

"The thin edge of the oar nearly cut the snake in two. It ceased its sinuous, bellicose movements, and I dragged it to the side of the boat. It was hooked just back of the head, indicating that the fly had struck it accidentally, rather than that the snake had attempted to catch the fly. It is possible the snake might have mistaken the fly (it was a Lord Baltimore) for a small frog or a minnow, but after reflection I rejected this idea as improbable. The water moccasin is the most pugnacious of all our Northern snakes. It is not poisonous and should not be confounded with the cottonmouth of the South. The common water snake will swim or run away when attacked, but the moccasin frequently dashes at a person, especially if it has young ones to guard. People who hunt frogs at night with a light often 'shine' water moccasins, as they are always found in the water after dark. If an attempt be made to kill them there is likely to be a lively fight, especially if the snake be large. I have the skin of one that was four feet long, which I had to club a dozen times before it succumbed."

STRUGGLE WITH A TURTLE.

"I smashed a $25 split-bamboo rod on a turtle once," said Mr. Esox, as Mr. Thymallus concluded his snake story.

"If you used a cedar rod," one of Mr. Butler's disciples interjected, "you might have avoided the mishap." Cedar rods are Mr. Butler's fad. In fact, he is known as "Cedar-rod Butler" among his brother fishermen. Mr. Butler makes his own rods from carefully selected wood and he can cast farther and land a big bass with more ease and less strain on his tackle than any other man in the State. At least, he has that reputation among anglers.

"Cedar rods may be all right for bass," replied Mr. Esox, "especially when they are handled by a cool-headed man, but I don't believe one of your self-made works of art would have fared better in the case of my turtle. I was fishing in a little lake in northern Indiana and had met with poor success, because its water was too deep for fly-casting, except along the shore, and there the moss and other water growth were so thick it was useless to attempt to land a bass if one were hooked. After amusing myself by catching a few sunfish, bluegills and redeyes, which took the fly greedily, I permitted the boat to drift, with my line dragging in the water. That was carelessness and a mistake, as I realized later. There were two flies on the leader—one a Lord Baltimore and the other a brown hackle. The water was very deep and there was no drift or obstructions on which the flies could snag. I had almost fallen into a doze when the rod suddenly began to slip through my hands. The reel was locked and the line would not run out. I looked around and saw that the tip of my rod and about fifteen feet of line were under water.

DRAGGED THE BOAT.

"A minute later the tip straightened out and the boat began to move backward, literally dragged along by something. My first thought was that a huge gar was at the end of the line. I had seen several resting on the water with their rows of fins sticking above the surface, but the thing that was dragging the light boat proved not to be a gar. The man at the oars soon had the boat turned and I began to investigate. The bottom of the lake was so dark I couldn't see very far down, but when I pulled on the line, the thing moved. Finally, after a series of short tugs, the thing began rising to the surface and I saw it was a large turtle—a regular hardshell mossback, that probably weighed twenty pounds. I knew my leader was not strong enough to hold it, so I steered it toward a sandbar. The hook was fast in its mouth and the turtle evidently had attempted to swallow the fly under the impression it was edible. When near the sandbar the turtle suddenly awoke into action. Possibly it caught its first glimpse of the boat, for it flipped its way through the water, going under the boat with a rapidity that amazed and rattled me. My rod bent double and broke in two places before I thought of giving the turtle line. Then the leader snapped and the turtle was at liberty with a hook and fly in its throat. As I gathered up the wreck of my outfit and reeled up the line a sunfish darted at the dropper fly—the hackle—which was above where the leader parted, and hooked itself. That ended my fishing for the day. Two years later, when I revisited the lake, I was told that a week previously a turtle weighing twenty-three pounds had been caught by a boy. I saw the shell. It measured thirteen inches across. It probably was the same turtle that had smashed my rod, because no one in the neighborhood had ever seen another one as large."

MISTAKE OF A DOGFISH.

"I had a novel experience a few years ago," said Mr. Muskellunge. "I was fishing in one of the little lakes of Kosciusko county, using a spinner as a lure, which I cast with a long cane pole. You couldn't catch a bass with a fly there if you fished a year—at least, that was my experience. I had made several successful casts with the spinner, striking good-sized bass that were hiding under the big lily leaves or among the reeds. Finally I made a long cast to the edge of a bank of moss that grew to the top of the water. I hooked a large fish and it fought hard for a few minutes, but did not leap from the water like a bass. When it was worn out and pulled to the boat you may imagine my surprise when I found it to be a dogfish. It was the first one I had ever known to rise to a lure, and I have never heard of any other person catching one in a similar way. It weighed eight pounds.

"Do you know," said Mr. Salmo, "that frogs can be caught with imitation flies. While trout fishing last year I dropped a small black fly in front of a frog and it was snapped at once. After securing the croaker, I repeated my experiment half a dozen times with the same success. There was a change of diet that evening in camp, and as frogs were plenty we fared pretty well the remainder of our outing."

NERVE.

Summer Girl—The man I marry must be handsome and clever.

Summer Man—How fortunate we have met.

Our Girls.

Atchison Globe.

Whenever people look at a sixteen-year-old boy, there is a grumble because he is not useful. No grumbling because girls of the same age are kept on shelves in the parlor and dusted off when company's expected.

Heaven.

Life.

Briggs—What's your idea of heaven?

Griggs—Well, it's the way a man feels the first three days after he is home from a summer vacation.